

MOOSE JAW TIMES.

VOL. VI.—NO. 41.

MOOSE JAW, N. W. T., FRIDAY, APRIL 5, 1895.

\$1.50 PER ANNUM.

BUSINESS CARDS.

Under this head Business Cards not exceeding one inch, ten dollars per annum.

W. M. GRAYSON, Barrister, Advocate, Conveyancer, Notary Public, Etc. Office Main St. Moose Jaw, N. W. T. Agent for the Canada Northwest Land Company, Limited, and the Trustees of Moose Jaw Town Site.

J. G. GORDON, Barrister, Advocate, etc. Agent for the Manitoba and North West Loan Co. Office, High St. Moose Jaw, N. W. T.

W. J. NELSON, Barrister, Advocate, Conveyancer. Room 10, Aberdeen House, River St. E., Moose Jaw.

J. H. JOHNSTONE & JONES, Barristers, Solicitors, Advocates, &c. Offices: Cor. South Ry. & Rose Sta., Regina. T. C. JOHNSTONE. FORD JONES, B.A.

A. R. TURNBULL, M.D., C.M. Office in Boile's block, cor. Main and River streets.

D. R. P. F. SIZE, L.D.S., M.R.C.D.S., Surgeon Dentist. Will visit Moose Jaw the 29th and 30th of each month.

Satisfaction given both in workmanship and prices.

Regina office open from 18 to 29 of each month.

W. D. COWAN, L. D. S., D. D. S., Surgeon-Dentist, of Regina, (graduate of the oldest Dental College in the world) visits Moose Jaw staying at the Dining Hall on the first Monday and following Tuesday of every month.

SEYMOUR GREEN, Insurance agent: Issuer Marriage Licences; School Debenture bought; Homestead entries made; Full list of all lands open for entry in the Moose Jaw District; Farms for sale with from 50 to 200 acres under cultivation, easy payments; C. P. R. and Hudson Bay lands for sale; Money to Loan.

I. O. F., Court Moose Jaw, No. 509, holds its regular meeting in Ainslie Hall, on the last Tuesday in each month, at 8 o'clock p.m. Every member is requested to attend.

Next regular meeting will be held on Tuesday, April 30th. R. W. Timmins, C.R. C. L. Ross, R.S.

JNO. BRASS, Tin & Sheet Iron Worker.

CROSBIE BLOCK, MAIN STREET.

O. B. FYSH, Auctioneer & Valuator.

Orders for Auction Sales or Bailiff's work left at Mr. Wm. Grayson's office will receive prompt attention.

Lumber

coal wood
coal wood
coal wood
coal Coal is what every
one must have at this time of
the year and we can supply
coal both at right prices. Cord
wood or cut into logs
Souris Coal, the most econom-
ical fuel on the market. Just
the thing for these hard times;
to try it is to be convinced.
coal wood
coal wood
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E. Simpson & Co.

FOR WINES,
LIQUORS & CIGARS,

The pick of the choicest brands selected from the markets of both hemispheres, also American Lager, Domestic Ale and Porter, Guinness's Stout, and Bass' Pale Ale, call on or write to

OCTAVIUS FIELD.
Terms Cash.

Store closes at 18 o'clock; take notice and govern yourselves accordingly.

TO RENT.

A couple of comfortable furnished rooms, Apply to MRS. McDONALD, Fairford St. ff.

FOR EXCHANGE.

Mr. T. E. McWilliams wishes to exchange a well-bred grade bull, which has been a sufficient length of time in his herd, for one of the same with some person similarly situated. Moose Jaw P.O. 37-41.

TEACHER WANTED.

Teacher wanted Buffalo Lake school for the summer term. Duties to commence middle of April. Applications to be in by the 30th of March. Male preferred. State salary and qualifications. Apply to C. E. RIGDEN, Secretary, Point Elma. 38-41

NOTICE.

A meeting of the ratepayers of Moose Jaw District is being called for Monday, the 8th inst., at 8 o'clock p.m., in the Town Hall, for the purpose of considering the advisability of submitting a by-law to raise sufficient money to build an addition to the School house.

SEYMOUR GREEN, Sec'y.

R. E. DORAN.

Our stock of harness and saddles is now complete. We can sell you single harness from \$8.75 a sett and upwards. Saddles from \$3.50 and upwards. Men's boots and shoes from \$1.00 a pair and upwards. Socks 6 pairs for \$1.00 and upwards. Now is your time to buy; come early and get your choice. Headquarters for axle grease and harness oil.

R. E. DORAN.

R-I-P-A-N-S.
ONE GIVES RELIEF.

James Bpass

BRICK MANUFACTURER.

Makes the only Red Brick in the Territories.

Manitoba Street. — Moose Jaw

BRUNSWICK HOTEL,

RIVER STREET, WEST.

Thoroughly refitted and renovated in every department. House refurnished throughout.

ROOMS LIGHTED WITH ELECTRICITY.

First class Liquors and Cigars. Every convenience for the travelling public.

J. H. KERN, PROP.



Safest, Simplest, Strongest, Solid Top Receiver.

Most Modern and progressive

For catalogues or information write to

THE MARLIN FIRE ARMS CO.

New Haven, Conn.

SPRING 1895.

A NOTHER cold winter will soon be over and people will be thinking of raiment more appropriate for the new season. The first question that comes up is, What kind of a new dress will I buy this spring? That question can be easily solved by calling at T. W. ROBINSON'S

and taking a look through the large and varied stock of new season's goods, in all the latest and newest fabrics, such as

Dress Ducking, Wool Challies, Cotton Challies, Chambrays, Ginghams, Etc.

Sateen Prints, Figured Sateen Prints, Tweed Effect Prints, German Prints, Indigo Blue Prints, Turkey Red Prints, Light & Dark Prints,

all prices; just think of the assortment you have to choose from over two hundred patterns.

Embroidery!

A good line of new patterns just arrived commencing at 4 cents per yard.

Lawns, Muslins,

Check, stripe and plain. See the new skirt lawn, nicely tucked and hem-stitched at 18 and 35 cents.

We have also received a consignment of ladies' spring

Mantles & Capes

Some of the latest styles in black, water-proof cloth. Tweed and Melton, light and dark colors; very stylish goods.

Men's Wear.

An elegant range of Ties just to hand. Some of the nobbiest styles on the market. Drop in boys and take a look through them.

Collars and Cuffa.

New Shirts. We start the price at 25 cts, and can give you a good flannelette; it's the best in the market for the money. "Seeing is buying." A heavier one at 45 cts. A good shirt at 50 cts, and so on. Any price you wish. Best value ever offered in these goods.

Hats and Caps. Boys' caps at 10 cts, and up to 75 cts. Men's caps, all prices shapes and styles; can give you a good blue serge suit for \$5.00 and up.

Tweed Pants, Overall Pants, Smocks, etc. New stock of all those goods have arrived and customers will find a good assortment to select from. A pleasure to show you through and quote prices.

N. B.—A beautiful assortment of new evaporated and canned fruits received direct from San Francisco. Extra quality and lower prices than ever. See our Fruit Window.

Write for Circular Giving Latest Market Prices.

T. W. ROBINSON.

Estevan.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

ESTEVAN, April 2, 1895.—Settlers from the other side the line are beginning to pass through on the Soo line, bound as a rule for the Edmonton district.

Arrivals of the unemployed has begun. Kootenay, B. C., and the Prince Albert district, are the points of attraction.

The houses and stables of J. Wilkinson were burned down on Wednesday last. The volunteer firemen saved all the household effects but the stable, which was the stable of the house that was found impossible to get out seven horses that were inside. Four of the cremated horses belonged to Mr. Wilkinson, two to Mr. Walker, and one to Mr. Morrison. The damage is estimated at \$1,000, which is partly covered by insurance in the Western Assurance Company.

Mr. McCullagh, school master, aided by several of the local musicians, is getting up a grand Easter concert, in aid of a school library.

Marlborough Items.

MARLBOROUGH, April 2, 1895.—T. Falconer has returned from the Orient. Those who say he enjoyed his visit very much, although the weather is more severe than the average winter in the N.W.T. Contrary to expectation, Mr. Falconer did not return with a better half.

B. Croter has returned from Stone Beach and brought with him a new variety of fowl. He has also commenced using No-No-Bac.

There seems to be a difficulty in getting enough scholars to keep the Marlborough school open.

Mr. Morrison, who had charge of the Presbyterian Mission at this place for the past year, left yesterday to go to the Orient again. Mr. Morrison has been very energetic in his pastoral duties during his stay here, and has by his pleasant manners made many warm friends. Mr. Morrison's successor will be the next to take charge of the Mission.

Misses Bertie and Mabel Beasley paid Marlborough a visit last Sunday.

THE JOKER.

Moose Jaw Christy Minstrels.

Some weeks ago the local lodge of the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen, presided over by our genial townsmen, Mr. Samuel McMicken, organized a mineral troupe, utilizing the local talents in its formation. Since its inception many practices have been held, and such a state of perfection has been attained vocally and otherwise musically, that within a couple of weeks our music loving public will be treated to an entertainment which will exceed anything of its kind hitherto held in the town, or, it is safe to assert, in the North-West Territories.

The musical part of the programme is being prepared under the direction of Mr. R. McCool, of Montreal, and now of the staff of Mr. E. R. Green, manager of the troupe. Mr. McCool is a clever conductor, and he is a welcome addition to the town.

The audience will be treated to music from an orchestra, that both in numbers and quality of rendition will surpass all former efforts in this direction.

The literary part of the programme, including a farce, is under the direction of Mr. W. J. Nelson, whose abilities in this direction are well known. Besides Mr. Nelson, who acts as interlocutor, the circle will consist, among others, of Messrs W. J. Holmes (Jones), Ed. Gurney (Tambro) and the following voices:—Bassos, A. E. Potter and T. Battell; baritones, Keys, Thompson, Fleming, and Mans; alto, J. Robinson; tenor, Wm. Bailey.

The newest ord and circle songs have been procured, and one or two topical songs, specially written for the entertainment, will also be sung to familiar airs. The end jokes, gags and conundrums are original, many of them topical, and will be such as to convulse the audience with laughter.

The entertainment will conclude with a laughable after-piece entitled, "The Mischiefous Nymph." Further particulars will be given in full shortly to be distributed.

The object of the entertainment, the amount of the treasury of the local lodge of the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen, is sufficient in itself to secure a large audience.

MECHANICAL.

J. A. MACDONALD, GENERAL BLACKSMITH, HIGH ST., MOOSE JAW.

A. WILSON, General Blacksmith, HIGH ST., WEST, MOOSE JAW.

TAKE NOTICE

That after the 1st day of March

I will sell all my stock of confectionery at cost. All accounts passed due will be collected by Mr.

Wm. Grayson.

Thos. Healey.

NEW

Shaving Parlor,

Next door to MacLeod's store

MAIN STREET, : : : : : MOOSE JAW.

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NOTICE.

The annual meeting of the shareholders of the Moose Jaw Cemetery Association (Ltd.) will be held in the Town Hall, on Saturday, the 12th inst., at 1 o'clock, p.m. Immediately afterwards a public meeting of the patrons will be held and steps will be taken to arrange suitable routes, etc.

By order,
J. H. Grayson, Sec'y.

UNDER A CLOUD

THRILLING TALE OF HUMAN LIFE.

CHAPTER XXIX.

ARCH PLUTER.

Stratton opened the door without a word. Guest followed him in, to find himself in a plainly furnished sitting room, beyond which seemed to be the bedroom, while the two windows looked out westward over the Thames.

There was no sign of feminine occupation, and Guest felt staggered.

"Well," said Stratton bitterly, "you do not answer me. What do you want?"

"You're the same fellow I always knew. Why have you come here?"

"You are inquisitorial, but I'll answer: Because it suits me. My rooms yonder are dark and depressing. I am ill, and want to sit here and breathe the fresh air and think. Is there anything wonderful in that?"

"No; but you need not play hide-and-seek with your friends."

"I have no friends," said Stratton coldly. "I am not the first man who ever took to a solitary life. It suits my whim. Now, please go and leave me to myself."

"Very well," said Guest, after a moment's hesitation; and he rose. "You have no friends?" he said.

"None."

"Well, I have," said Guest. "You are one of them, and you'll tell me I'm right someday."

Stratton did not take the hand extended to him, and Guest went out by no means disconcerted, but contented and pleased with his day's work.

"Something to tell Edie," he said to himself joyously; and he hurried up to the admiral's to communicate his news.

"That's a step forward," the girl cried eagerly; "now you must go on. Persuade—"

"I will," he said, catching her enthusiasm. "Don't let him drive you away."

"Indeed I will not," cried Guest, "only you might let me hold your hands."

"Stuff! they are quite safe."

"For me!" he whispered passionately.

"Percy Guest, do you know the meaning of the word taboo?" Yes, I see you do by your sour look."

"Not sour, Edie—disappointed."

"Because you are foolish, sir. All we have to do in this life is to study others."

"Oh, is it?" he protested.

"There does not seem to be much foolishness in trying to serve others," whispered Edie.

"I say, don't!" said Guest in a low tone after gazing wonderingly in his companion's face. "You are laying a trap for me to fall into, and it's too bad."

"No I'm not, Percy," she replied. "I've thought a great deal since about what you said. I was very indignant then, but now I think quite differently."

"You?"

"Yes. Why should we study etiquette, and be putitious when other people's life's happiness is concerned?"

"But tell me, Percy—do you think, now, that Malcolm Stratton has been very wicked? I mean, do you think he has married anyone else?"

"No," said Guest flatly, "I feel sure he hasn't."

"Then we will have the matter cleared up."

"How?"

"Myra shall go and see him, and ask him why he has treated her so badly."

"But it will be such bad form."

"I don't care what it is! It would be much worse form for us to let the poor thing take to her bed and die."

"But surely she is not so bad as that," whispered Guest, who felt moved by the sight he heard in his companion's throat.

"Worse, worse," whispered Edie. "You don't see what I do. You don't know what I do. Breakin' hearts are all poe's nonsense. Percy, but poor Myra is slowly wasting away from misery and unhappiness. Uncle doesn't see it, but I know, and if something isn't done soon I shall be no one left to love."

"Edie!"

"I mean like a sister. O Percy, I'd rather see her forgive him and marry him, but if he's wicked he has been, than live like this."

A few chords in a minor key floated through the drawing room, and Edie shivered.

"Tell me," she said after a few minutes, "do you think he acted as he did because he didn't love her—because he felt that he couldn't take a woman who had been engaged to someone else?"

"I am sure he loves her with all his heart, and I feel as certain as that he would not let such a thing stand in his way."

"Then I'm reckless," said Edie excitedly. "I don't care a bit what the world may say. Myra shall go to him and see him."

"She would not."

"I'll make her, and if uncle kills me for it afterward—well, he must."

"I should like to catch him trying to," said Guest.

"No; I don't mean that. Then what do you think of my plan?" said Edie. "You should come here to fetch us to some exhibition—to see something; any evening would do. We could let them be together a little while and then bring them back."

"Capital!" said Guest; "only isn't that my plan, little one?"

"Oh, what does it matter which of us thought of it?"

"Not a bit," he said pressing the hand that lay so near him; and a little later on, with the understanding that if Myra would consent the attempt should be made, Guest left the house.

CHAPTER XXX.

AT HER OWN HEART'S BIDDING.

Some time slipped before the announcement that the consent had been given.

"She was to tell the whole," Eddie said; "but her woman's dignity kept her back."

The girl was quite right, for it was only in a fit of mad despair that Myra had at last agreed in acknowledging the force of her cousin's words.

"Percy says he thinks Malcolm is slowly dying, dear, and that your coming might save his life."

"I'll go," Myra said, drawing in her breath with a hiss; and then to herself, "If he despises me for the act, well, I must bear it, too—while I am here."

An evening was fixed, one on which Guest

felt sure he would be able to catch him at the chambers, as being the preferable place, though, failing this, there was the lodging in Sarum Street.

There was no occasion for inventing subterfuges. The admiral that night dined at the club, and he troubled himself so little about the comings and goings of his daughter and niece that, if he returned, he would only consider that they had gone to some at home, and retire to his bed.

The consequence was that the carriage was to call at eight, and Guest arrived to wait as usual.

"Strike me, William," said Andrews, the butler, to the attendant footman, "that our young lady would be doing more what's right if she stopped at home."

"Ah, she did look bad, sir."

"She does, William," said Andrew, with a little stress on the "does." "Twice over me and you have made preparations to have her married, and it strikes me that the next time we have to do with any public proceedings it will be to take her to her long home."

"They're a-comin' down, Mr. Andrews," whispered the footman as, in evening dress and cloak, Guest brought town Myra, looking very white in her mullings, and as if she were in some dream.

Guest handed her into the carriage and stepped forward for Edie, who was flushed and agitated.

You won't think any the worse of me for this, Percy, will you?" she whispered.

Matters having been intrusted to Guest he directed the coachman to draw up beside the old court in Counsel Lane, and upon the footman opening the door, and the ladies being handed out, he looked at them in wonder, and asked his fellow-servant what game he thought was up as the trio passed into a gloomy looking alley, at whose corner was a cobblestone's shop with two barristers' wigs on blocks in the gloom of the landing.

He continued solemnly, "knowing Malcolm as I do, I feel that he must have held back for your sake, taking all the burden of his shoulders upon him so that you should not suffer."

"Yes," she said in her low, excited whisper; "that is what I have been feeling all these weary, weary days. It is that thought which has sustained me, and made me ready to sacrifice so much—pride, position, the opinion of my friends—in coming here like this."

"Your cousin is here," said Guest quickly "We shall not leave."

"No, you will not leave me," she said, holding his arm with both hands.

"Now, be firm," whispered Guest, "and think of why you have come."

"To forgive him," she said slowly.

"I believe there is nothing to forgive," said Guest warmly. "No: you come as his good angel to take him by his love for me."

"He will not speak to me, to his oldest friend; he cannot release me."

But mind," he continued earnestly, "it must not be told you under the bond of secrecy; he must tell you truly, and leave it to me afterward to decide what is the best to be done."

"Yes," she said, speaking more firmly now, "I understand. I have come to help the man who was to have been my husband, in his time of trial. The feeling of shame, degradation, and shrinking has passed away. Percy Guest, I am strong now, and I know. It is no shameless stooping on my part: I ought to have come to him before."

For the moment Guest thought nothing of all this, but a sign from Myra drew open the outer door, and she stood in the dim light as if framed; and let her head fall again, and gazed straight before her into the quaintly furnished room as if wondering that she did not at once see the object of her thoughts.

Then they saw her take a couple steps forward, and, as if from habit, thrust to the inner door, shutting in the scene beyond, and leaving Guest and Edie in the gloom of the landing.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HOW FRANCE PUNISHES TRAITORS.

The Death Penalty Now Proposed is an Improvement on the Old Method.

As a consequence of the treason of Capt. Dreyfus, a new law concerning the punishment of spies and traitors has lately been laid before the French Chamber by the Minister of War, after having been amended in five of its articles by the Army Commission. As it now stands, death will be the punishment of treason committed by a member of the army or a public officer, and imprisonment at hard labor for life if the guilty person is a civilian but not for a military rank.

Spies will be sentenced to penal servitude if anything has resulted from their observations, but if they have amounted to nothing simple incarceration will be their punishment.

Any unauthorized person found to have in his possession documents relating to the national defense, even without intent to make treasonable use of them, will be liable to heavy fine and imprisonment. The accused will be tried before a court-martial, whether soldier or civilian.

The recent public degradation of Capt. Dreyfus, while impressive and thrilling, was not so dramatic as was the punishment meted out to traitors in France in the sixteenth century. The last to undergo this extreme ceremonial was a Gascon captain named Frangler, who, in 1523, traitorously connived at the taking of Tarascon by the Spaniard.

"Twenty stainless knights," says the ancient chronicle, "were assembled, and before them appeared the King of Arms to a trial against the accused of treason. He was found guilty, and two scaffold were erected. Upon the scaffold, the condemned, inclosed in a complete armor, his shield hanging perpendicular upward before him. By his side stood twelve surprised priests, who chanted the service for the taking of Tarascon by the Spaniard.

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"The King of Arms then poured hot water upon the head of the condemned, as if to efface all traces of knighthood, after which the degraded man was dragged to the foot of the scaffold by a rope attached about his body just below his armpits, was bound, placed upon a litter and covered with a shroud. The judges and priests then turned their steps towards the church, where the office for the dead was said, the miserable traitor finishing his expiration meanwhile beneath the executioner's axe."

All this made Guest walk quickly up behind his friend's chair, and his hand was raised to touch him, but he drew back, for a sigh, long drawn and piteous, broke the silence of the dim room—such a sigh as comes from a sleeping child lying exhausted after a nervous burst of temper.

"Grief, too, did give a long breath as he crept so softly, looking over his shoulder till he reached the doors, through which he passed, and hurried over the flag stones along the landing to where Myra and Edie stood shivering in the cold, dark entry leading to Stratton's chamber.

"Oh, how long you have been," whispered Eddie, to whom Myra was clinging.

"Come, Mrs. Barrows," said Guest, without hearing the remark, as he took Myra's hand, which struck cold through her glove, and drew it through his arm.

"Wait there, Edie."

The girl uttered a faint ejaculation, but said nothing, and Myra walked silently to Stratton's door, and as Guest raised his hand to draw it toward him she pressed it back.

"Wait," she said in a hoarse whisper. "My brain seems to swim. Mr. Guest, let me think for a moment of what I am going to do before it is too late."

Guest waited, half supporting her, for her hand upon his arm, but she did not speak.

"I will tell you he said gently; you are going like some good angel to solace a man dying of misery and despair. I do not know the cause of all this, but I do know that Malcolm Stratton, who has always been as brother to me, loves you with all his heart."

"Yes—yes," whispered Myra excitedly.

"And that some terrible event—some sudden blow, caused her to set as he did on his wedding morning. Myra Jerry Id.

PRACTICAL FARMING.

An Anti-Kicking Device.

The accompanying sketch illustrates a device for breaking kicking cows and young heifers. A farmer can make one in an hour, and it will often save him many hours of time and many pails of milk, to say nothing of oblications of temper. With one of these Bossy cannot kick. Take a strip of hard wood 1/2 inch thick, 1/2 inch broad and 20 inches in length. Dress it smooth with a plane and bore a hole in each end and the narrow way of the board. Pass through the hole a small rope or stout cord and tie a hard knot in the end. Put the other end

time he was arguing plank for the cow, he demanded better springs for his own bed. We want to treat her as reasonably as we can; make her bed fresh every two or three days. Every night go and scrape off a little of the filth and put on a little more clean straw, and then go back and watch all the cows take their beds. It means another pound of milk in the morning. You are getting your pay."

Cutting and Curing Pork.

There are many ways of cutting and curing pork. The mode to be adopted depends largely upon the use for which it is intended and the different markets to which it is to be sent. Sometimes the hog bone is removed at the socket and sometimes it is left untouched, while the shank is left long to the hock joint, or cut up close to the ham. The shoulder may be cut square back of the shoulder-blade and neck or trimmed of rounding at the upper part. The bacon pieces may extend from the ham to the shoulder or the flank may be packed in the bottom of the barrel and sometimes it is left untouched, while the shank is left long to the hock joint, or cut up close to the ham. The shoulder may be cut square back of the shoulder-blade and neck or trimmed of rounding at the upper part. 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A WILD DRIVE IN IRELAND.

II.

My position was now uncomfortable on the extreme. The night had fallen, it was dark, chill, and blustering, and it had begun to rain. Clearly I should have a disagreeable drive of it, and my friend Terence of the unimpeachable mory having forgotten for some reason or other, the excellence of which I knew he would not have the slightest difficulty in demonstrating by and by, to send his bus, I should have to fall back on some local vehicle, which as likely as not would prove to be no better than an outside car. My experience of the Irish Sea had not done much to fit me for a drenching on a bitterly cold night; and altogether my feelings towards the magnificence Terence were anything but charitable.

"And how the earth am I to get on, as the bus hasn't come?" I asked the station-master, who, now that I was in a difficulty for which his department could in no wise be held responsible, had begun to assume a much more friendly attitude, and to take a personal interest in my movements.

"Indade, thin, yer honor, it's myself that doesn't know, unlesseye yer honor walks."

"And how far may it be to the Castle?"

"The Castle, the Castle—indade, I hardly know, not likely like the desavvyin' yer honor. Tim, how far would the Castle be, now? Isn't it right the other side of Rathmara?"

"Deed, and it is, whichever side ye goes to it," was the enigmatic reply, and four sound miles beyond, and another mile up the lane to the back of that."

"Then your honor, the Castle is not one yard less than fourteen miles, and most of them long ones, from this very spot."

"Then I can't possibly walk it. Can't I hire a trap of some kind? A car or a conveyance of any kind?"

"Indeed, thin, yer honor, he'd be afraid that's what he can't do; they did use to be kars and coaches and every sort of conveyance, but that was before the railroad came, bad luck to it!"

Left the porter, who, like the good-humored fellow he was when he wasn't in the wrong, and consequently angry, had by this time forgiven me for his own blunder and for what I had never said, suggested that possibly Dan Logan might come to the rescue.

"He has but the one horse," objected the station-master, "an' he was away yesterday at Cock-na-niush, and at Larry Hogan's wake all the night, and he didn't git home till this afternoon, and it's tired he'll be, an' his baste, too, if not drunks. Anyhow, he'd be wantin' good pay for the job."

"Well, it's aisy to run an' ask him," said the now friendly porter, and, suiting the action to the word, disappeared at a run in the darkness.

After a quarter of an hour a wild "Ho-ho-ho!" was heard in the distance; this was succeeded by the noise of horse's feet clattering in most irregular cadence, and then there emerged from the gloom a very high, cadaverous, look thronged white horse, with a very low outside car bumping and jumping behind him, while the driver, on the other, held on by the reins and stamped his feet on the foot board. With a rush which all but ended in a fall, they flashed past the side of the station, and were lost in the night almost as soon as they had appeared.

"That's a wonderful horse," observed the station-master, by way of explaining this manoeuvre; "his owner wouldn't have called the lord-lieutenant his cousin when he was young—he was the most ill-tempered and ill-tempered animal ever was dropped, and sorra a one could tell you which way he went in the steepschase."

I occurred to me that there was a similar difficulty now that he was engaged in the humbler role of drawing a car, and I said something to that effect.

"Oh! yer honor'll see him back again soon enough," was the ambiguous rejoiner; "niver fear but Dan knows how to manage him—he'll just let him run to the fut of the hill, and there he'll turn him, unless the reins break, and then he'll go all quiet and aisy into the ditch."

A very cheering description of a thoroughly safe horse and driver! I was half wishing that the reins might break, and the whole concern be landed "quiet and aisy" in the ditch, so as to prevent my entrusting myself to its tender mercies, when the performance of a few minutes before was repeated in the reverse direction, with the exception that this time the driver succeeded in pulling up opposite the station.

"B-had, that's the way to do it, yer honor," cried Dan Logan, as he half-jumped, half-rolled on to the ground; "and it's aye self that'll be wantin' to go to the Castle!"

"Ye-es," I answered, with my responding enthusiasm, "if you think your horse can take me so far."

"Is it my horse? An' why wouldn't he, when he knows every inch of the way? Shure there isn't a hill between this and there that he hasn't galloped down many and many's the time."

I looked at the brute's fore legs, and if I knew anything about a horse's legs, it would be difficult to find an animal whom it more urgently behaved to take heed unto his ways; which was perhaps the reason why he carried his head like a giraffe, and persistently stared at the stars. Assuredly the inability mentioned by Mr. Murphy, to see which way he was going, was not confined the onlookers.

"Ye'll be findin' any fault wi' that horse?" his driver went on, as I remained silent. "May be yer honor'll be thinkin' he hasn't bone enough."

"More bone than blood perhaps," I suggested, in the weak hope of raising myself in his estimation by impressing him with my knowledge of horsemanship.

"It is blood, ye mane!" he almost screamed. "Well, then, I'll tell ye what it is. That's the bloodiest horse in all Oireland. It's clane thoroughbred he is. But maybe yer honor is not used to sit behind a thoroughbred? They do tell me they be that ways in England," he added in a half-aside.

Making the best of a bad job, I asked what the fare would be.

"Well, then, yer honor, to tell the truth at first, it will have to be goud or paper."

"Gold or paper?" I queried.

"A sovereign—a one-pound note," interjected the station-master.

"An' if yer honor's pleased wid yer drivin', maybe ye'll be givin' me a threble for missell, just to kape me from breakin' the pound," said Dan Logan, by way of finale, as he began to lay his traps to the car. When he came to my gun-case, he stopped short. "If I might advise yer honor," said he, "the best way of takin' them would be to leave them behin' here wid Mr. Murphy, and he'll put them out of sight somewhere. It's a wild part we'll be going through, and the boys might not be best pleased at sight o' the gun."

"But my good man, I'm going to shoot; and how can I shoot without a gun?" "Av coorse yer honor knows best, but anyhow, I'll put them in the well, and then maybe they'll know as much as if they wasn't there."

My traps adjusted somehow, my friendly porter fired a final shot as I clambered up on the off-side:

"Thanx yer honor, and ye'll be mindin' that ye have yer thrunk—yer bag, I mane, wid ye."

III.

We were off! Never, if I complete my century of years, and live to forget my first birching and my first love, shall I cease to remember that awful drive. The terror of the way in which that horrible white boarish strode through the night between the tall hedge on either side of the dark road, and whenever we came to a level stretch, with neither light nor lamp, and turned towards the sky, while I held on, expecting that at every stop he must come down! The boisterous hilarity with which the three-parts-intoxicated Jehu urged him into a swaying gallop as often as the ground fell away, making him go faster and faster as the hill grew steeper! The bumps, the jolts, the extra pace invariably put on round every sharp corner, the hair-breadth shaving of the deep ditches! The fear that the reins would break, alternating with the hope that they might, if so we might make as end before worse happened! I shall ever forget the unparalleled horror of that drive!

But everything, not excepting Harley Street, as some one has said, must have an end; and after about three weeks, as it seemed to me, Dan Logan pulled his horse into a walk, and, leaning across the car, expressed the hope that I had enjoyed myself. Serenely confident of souqquenient, and without waiting for an answer, he continued:

"He went great. It's not o' course I'll get a drivin' like that in England now? An' he's made it yet—at least not much. But we'll walk up the hill so as to do the avenue in right style—the front of the Castle is to the back of it, and the intransigent is to the top of the hill, and the avenue's a mile long—so we'll take it aisy."

At the top of the hill we stopped opposite the iron gate of the castle.

"The Maloney softened at this appeal; and my throwing in that I would pay handsomely for the accommodation, finally induced him to do what he could for us.

"Ye had no call, Dan," he said, "to break my gate on me, and my orders is that no one come here, or stay here, which manes av course that I'm to shoot if they do."

"Ye had no call, Dan," he continued coaxingly, "put his harps up for the night? An' thin ye'd be loanin' me another baste to take the gentleman on."

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There isn't even the tail of a horse in the whole domain only a cow and a jennet, Dan."

"The man must be out. What can we do?"

"Shure it's no matter," was Dan's ready response: "it's only to knock the haif off, and there's a wall of big stones convayent. Here's one that's made for that lock."

In an instant he had smashed the lock with a huge stone, which he dropped where he stood, and the next moment we were tressing up the avenue, the newswoman taking Dan's locks, and the iron of making a new one, with a crash which sent him lurching into the wall, and was followed by an act of shooting me clean off the car."

"The horse is a better lepper nor the car," was his only comment as he dashed his panting animal into a more furious gallop. "An' now ye'll see," he added presently, as we approached the last bend to the house, "how I'll bring yer honor up to the hall door."

But I never did. As we rounded, or rather cut the corner, a stentorian voice shouted:

"Stop on your lives! Another yard and I'll fire!"

"Holy Moses!" exclaimed Dan. But it was too late to pull up; the white star-gazer sped onwards, and before we reached the hall door we were saluted with a couple of reports in quick succession, and two balls whizzed by our "queen convayent." I was struck and sent to our feet. The old white horse swerved violently at this reception, and the next instant we were off the gravel and tearing over the grass. By superhuman exertions, Dan, whom the excitement seemed somewhat to have sobered, managed to slacken pace before we reached the boundary fence, and skirting this, he presently contrived to bring us to a standstill.

"It's this blessed minit," he then quipped out, "that I remember I forgot to tell yer honor that the family left the Castle this three weeks, and I did hear tell they had put an emergency-man in. If yer honor will stay here a minit and hould the horse, I'll go and coligioe wid the blackgarry and see what's to be done."

His driving the horse was a mere matter of form, for he was dead beat; his flanks were heaving with distress, his legs trembled, his awful star-gazing head hung heavy on his shoulders, and he was heavily like to lie down than run away. However, I did as I was bid, and reflected the while on the results of my having accepted the invitation of the effusive Terence. He promised me the "heartiest welcome in all Ireland," and a "reception that should astonish me," and certainly he had kept his word. My welcome was if anything, a trifle too warm and my reception calculated to try the nerves of any one who had recently been prostrated by the worst bout of seasickness on record, and then been driven by a drunken lunatic, behind the finest steepleschase that had ever been dropped.

Meanwhile, Dan had approached the house through a little wood which lay to the right, and from behind the trunk of a large tree was bowling out some unattractive gibberish at the top of a remark, by vigorous voice. The immediate result was a third shot fired from the house in the direction from which he was roaring, and this was shortly followed by a series of yells pitched in much the same key as his own. It was all Greek to me, but apparently the countrymen arrived at an understanding, for presently Dan came to where I was standing, and with the joyful assurance, "Ho-ho-ho! it's all as right now as iv'e it," began the staggering steepleschase to the hall door.

"It's bad luck, yer honor has this time at last," said he, "if I suppose by the way, I really ought to account it good fortune that I was not killed in my drive between Ballyhegan and the Castle, to say nothing of the emergency-man, having twice missed me at a range of less than thirty yards." "It's delighted the widdy would have been to give yer honor a room, but she has but the one empty, and her brother is in that, and his wife, and his wife's sister, and their children, havin' come over for the Christmas, so the house is strong—there wouldn't be a spot, she says, for yer honor to stand up in it; an' the room under the stair is full wid their pigs as they brought along. Anny other time that yer honor's passin', she sez, she'll—"

"She's my own father's sister's cousin by marriage, an' she lives quite convayent—ye can see the light in her shebeen from here. If yer honor'll mind the jennet, I'll run an' ask her if she can give yer honor a lodgin' for the night."

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Consumption.

Valuable tincture and two bottles of medicine sent Free to
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THE TIMES

Published Every Friday.

Grayson Block, Main Street.

Moose Jaw, N. W. T.

WALTER SCOTT, Editor and Proprietor.

SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.50 per year.

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Advertisements of Wants, To Let, Lost, Found, etc., when under 1 inch, will be inserted for 50c.; subsequent insertions 25c. each.

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JOB PRINTING

Our job department is equipped with every appliance necessary for turning out first-class work at shortest notice. Prices moderate.

The Moose Jaw Times.

"And what is writ, is writ—
Would it were worthier!" —Byron.

FRIDAY, APRIL 5, 1895.

MR. ST. LAURENT'S REPORT.

On the opposite page may be seen the report of Mr. St. Laurent, Government Engineer, upon the Moose Jaw dam proposal. It is a document embodying an admixture of exceeding caution and most reckless extravagance. The caution is displayed in the matter of computing the groundwork for calculating the feasibility of the project and the advantages to accrue from the undertaking, while the extravagance is betrayed in the estimate of the cost of the proposed work.

Taking both the reports of Mr. St. Laurent and Mr. Fingland (the local engineer), it becomes evident that all doubts regarding the sufficiency of water to fill the basin are entirely groundless. Mr. Fingland calculated from records in various years, taken by various reputable persons, of the flow of water over the present C.P.R. dam; he asserts there is water sufficient and to spare. Mr. St. Laurent calculates from the recorded rainfall at Regina during ten years, the average of which is 9.16 inches. He bases not upon the average, but upon the record of a notoriously dry and barren year, when the year's fall was only 2.41 inches. He admits that scarcity of water need not deter prosecution of the enterprise.

In the matter of power that may be generated, there is no conformity in the reports of Mr. St. Laurent and Mr. Fingland. The former computes a net horsepower of 300 for 14 hours per day; the latter says 1000 horse power day and night the whole year round is quite a low calculation. Whom shall we believe? We are of opinion that minute study of Mr. St. Laurent's own figures will prove Mr. Fingland's estimate to be correct. The former himself states that the average rainfall will produce four times the volume that he calculates upon.

It is however, Mr. St. Laurent's estimate of cost that takes one's breath away. Mr. Fingland asserts that \$100,000 will cover every cost, exclusive of a sum necessary for expropriation of lands, \$525,000, says Mr. St. Laurent! Whee! His words are simple and plain: "I estimate the cost of the proposed work at \$525,000."

It will be noticed that the engineer gives a detailed computation of the water volume collectable, in marked contrast to his bald estimate of the cost of construction. By his own figures it is evident that he calculates at the lowest notch the possible power. He leaves himself open to no detection where the figures of construction are concerned.

It may as well be candidly stated that Mr. St. Laurent's report inspires no confidence in its own reliability among the members of the Moose Jaw Board of Trade, who were instrumental in procuring a government survey of the plan. They are unanimous in the conviction that the estimate is ridiculous. Possibly it may be. We must not hastily judge, but should bear in mind what manner of government it is which sent Mr. St. Laurent out to report upon this proposal. A department which has received the hard knocks for underestimating that the present Department of Public Works has borne, would be apt to exercise care not to err in the same manner again. The Curran bridges at once arise as a case in point. The expendi-

ture upon them more than doubled the estimate. Our readers will comprehend the drift of the argument. But, hold! Awful thought! If the actual expenditure on this dam should double Mr. St. Laurent's estimate,—ah, then we would have to figure into the millions. Moose Jaw would secure as much fame as did that locality where Mr. Haggart constructed his celebrated canal.

When Messrs. Baker and Ross interviewed Mr. Van Horne in June last respecting this proposal, the worthy magnate suggested that a small dam costing about \$35,000 would be a grand and suitable thing for Moose Jaw. It is probably by mere coincidence that Mr. St. Laurent makes a suggestion identically similar. As a matter of fact, such a dam would be of utility for the C.P.R. Co., but as for waterworks and irrigation purposes, as the engineer amusingly suggests,—well, Mr. St. Laurent is apparently poking fun at us. An interesting problem is: If a dam 80 feet high and averaging 1300 feet in length costs over half a million, what kind of a dam can be constructed for \$35,000? (No profanity, please.) Perhaps Mr. Davin will answer; it must be presumed that he knows, for he has publicly promised to have that sum placed in the estimates at the forthcoming session of Parliament for the Moose Jaw project. Mr. Van Horne assisting him, he should be able to fulfil the promise,—that is if he continues to exercise ordinary care not to intrude his convictions or any nonsensical notions about lowering the tariff on barbed wire, when the division bell rings.

WHERE IS THE TREACHERY?

The partisans are not resting well. They cannot retire at night with confidence. Their sleep is broken, and their dreams are disturbing ones. Restless nights are followed by cranky days. The Patrons is the phantom which haunts them.

Joe A. McGillivray, of Ontario, has seen a vision, and in the vision, he saw the Patrons combining with the vile Grits. For what? To revise a ruinous trade policy, and to institute clean government at Ottawa? Oh, no! Joe A. did not see it in that way. He saw a treacherous combination forming to ostracize and obliterate the Conservative party.

The Winnipeg Free Press also is suffering from the depredations of a screaming nightmare which threatens the citadel of its reason. It sees the Patrons and the wicked Tories fighting together under a compact to crush Tariff Reform and to maintain in power the present mercenary administration.

Right here in Assiniboia the same thing is troubling our party friends, although, as the situation exists at present, no argument can be scraped up to justify their senseless fears. But just wait. If Mr. Davin is withdrawn by the Conservatives,—there is reason to believe that his nominators are considering this step,—what awful suspicions will take possession of Mr. Hitchcock's followers? At once the Patrons will be classed as Tory plotters. Or if Mr. Hitchcock be withdrawn, as in the event of a change in the boundaries of the riding it is already hinted that he will be, the Patrons will immediately become, in the eyes of Conservatives, nothing more or less than a Grit scheme.

Meanwhile the Patrons continue to pursue the even tenor of their way. They have definitely and positively declared their purpose to form connections with neither Conservatives nor Liberals; they will enter into entangling combination with no party; they will merge their identity with no other order or organization. They have formulated bold, distinct and patriotic platform, to which every Patron candidate is pledged; and, addressing the intelligent individuality of every elector,—not his Conservatism or Liberalism, but his Canadianism,—they say, If our platform conforms to your ideas of patriotic expediency, give us your support! The partisans profess to look upon a combination of Patrons and Liberals, or Patrons and Conservatives as a heinous enormity. But they can view quite complacently a combination of Liberals and Conservatives against Patrons. That such a combination is not an impossibility, was proven at Beautiful Plains, Man., last July. At a by-election there both the Government and Opposition parties worked for the election of Mr. David

Oats - and - Chopped - Feed.

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Window shades and
Window curtain poles.

Lowest Prices for
Cash only.

R. BOGUE.

son, leader of the Opposition. The Patrons, led by Mr. Forsyth, gained the victory. A similar combination was formed at the recent provincial bye-election in Haldimand, Ont. Mr. Senn, (previously Conservative) was the Patron candidate; his opponent, Dr. Baxter, was a Liberal. The Conservatives did not put up a man, but threw their influence with Baxter and elected him.

IT IS PALPABLE FRAUD.

The custom of our legislators accepting free passes from transportation companies and at the same time pocketing the grants made by Parliament and Legislatures to defray expense of transportation to and from attendance at sessions, is one that admits of no conceivable excuse. But the politicians are loath to relinquish this process of illegal profit. Even so saintly a man as Mr. Marter, leader of Conservatives in the Ontario House, has put himself upon record in favor of a continuance of this system of direct bribery, and the way in which The World (a Conservative journal in Toronto) tackled Mr. Marter on his stand, was truly refreshing. The World is to be commended for its proper appreciation of the disgrace of the "passes" custom, even if it did hesitate to put its shoulder to the wheel of reform, until the Ontario Patrons had made the task comparatively an easy one.

The following is an extract from The World's ruminations on the subject:—

It is a fraud to vote public money for the mileage of members, and then for members to pocket that money. It is a fraud on the public, and a greater fraud on the railway. It is a fraud on the underpaid or half idle employees of the railways. The \$50,000 and more a year voted at Ottawa and Toronto, would, if it reached the railways axis should reach them, and which they earn twice or thrice over by the transportation of members, would make wages for many an idle or underpaid railway hand to-day. It would make travel cheaper for those who do pay. But the members quietly pocket this money. That is the fraud. The sham comes in when legislators pretend that the taking of the pass does not interfere with their independence. It does interfere with their independence, and still worse, it has a demoralizing influence on the public servants. How can members of Parliament discipline the servants and officials of the State if they themselves are guilty of improper conduct?

PRECEDENTS ARE PLENTIFUL.

Mr. Davin has got past the point of justifying by argument his action at various times in the House of Commons in voting contrary to principle as enunciated by his own silvery tongue, contrary to the well-being of the North West Territories, contrary to everything but his desire to "stand in" with the people who hold the key to the public chest,—he has ceased attempting to justify that course of "independent" procedure, and now turns to quoting precedents for his "bought by influence" votes.

It would be indeed an unheard-of crime for which no precedent could be cited. The first born son of our first parents, Noah of old who built the Ark, King David himself and his successor Solomon, the Disciple Peter,—certain acts of all of these might be cited, the perpetration of which in this year of grace by Canadian legislators would not tend to inspire or increase our respect and confidence for and in them. Mr. Davin's votes in the various sessions of the present Parliament upon the questions of Tariffs and Temperance were in reality acts of betrayal of the interests of his constituents. For a proper precedent, we recommend to Mr. Davin's attention the records in the New Testament, which tell of a certain man called Judas Iscariot, one of the Twelve.

Carmel Clippings.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

CARMEL, March 20.—Service was held at the residence of Mr. Stephen Hudson last Sunday. Mr. H. Smith occupied the pulpit and delivered an excellent sermon on the subject, "The Love of Christ." Mr. Smith announced that a service will be held on Sunday, the 7th of April, at 3 p.m.

Miss Rhoda Hudson spent Sunday at the White House visiting her parents.

Pa. said the wee boy again, who was tall gentleman with pink and white complexion, and a mustache with a few grey hairs in it, who goes to that school tax notice which we were given in town. That boy is our son and secretary-treasurer. He is also a Captain with commission dates back as far as the Battle of Bullring. Owing to his poor military career he has been a soldier in the Light Brigade last fall to take charge of the Light Brigade who were doing fatigue duty at Aldershot camp.

Mr. Royal Harris, of Marlborough, paid Carmel a visit to attend a Patron meeting last Wednesday.

Preparations are being made to lath and plaster the Presbyterian church as soon as the weather permits.

Some time ago you Sirs, Beach correspondent asked the question, What makes a young lady rush to the window when the dog barks? I cannot say what is the reason in his district, but in mine, young ladies would be anxious about young man coming from the east.

Word has been sent to the secretary of the Agricultural society that the government proposes giving only 40 per cent. of the total amount of seed grain asked for.

BIZZARD.

Rheumatism Cured in a Day.—South American Rheumatic Cure for Rheumatism and Neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. 75 cents. Sold by W. W. Bole, Druggist.

Not So Convenient.

Physicians indorse Ripans Tabules by prescribing the remedies they contain, but in form not so convenient, inexpensive and accurate as Ripans Tabules.

Heart Disease Relieved in 30 Minutes.—Dr. Agnew's cure for the heart gives perfect relief in all cases of organic or sympathetic heart disease in 30 minutes, and speedily effects a cure. It is a peerless remedy for palpitation, shortness of breath, smothering spells, pain in left side and all symptoms of a diseased heart. One dose cures. Sold by W. W. Bole.

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Choice Liquors and Cigars.

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PROPRIETOR.

Hogs bought and sold. Fine Dressed Hogs on hand for sale.

LIVERY, FEED

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SALE STABLES.

First-Class Livery Rigs.

Best accommodation for the travelling public.

Draughting to all parts of the town.

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Direct connection with steamers at Halifax & New York for all European, South American and South African points.

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Tinware, Etc.

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rate lots close to business

portion of the town.

W. R. Campbell

THE HOME.

A Convenient Device.

To move stoves and heavy articles, a convenient device is a square platform, with crosspieces along the two ends of the plank of which the platform is made, to give strength. Low but very wide castors



are screwed to the under surface, such castors being obtainable at hardware stores. One leg of a stove can be taken out, the platform run in under and the stove let down upon it and wheeled away without lifting whatever. A half-inch iron rod is made into a convenient handle.

How to Dress on Fifty Dollars.

Men often say that a woman or girl should be able to go well dressed on a certain sum and that is usually set down at low figures. These are generally single men or the fathers of girls who never did anything for said daughters. The poor girls have "rubbed along" somehow.

First of all, consider exquisite neatness. Perfect cleanliness—clean hands and nails, buttons on, clothing well brushed, with no rips, hair clean and becomingly arranged. Clothes should fit well and be in harmony. Observe this rule—that vertical trimmings and stripes increase height, while horizontal trimmings and plaids make the wearer look broad. Hair dressed high or low has the same general effect; so, too, have the tall hats and tiny bonnets. Stout ladies should choose long, plain wraps whose lines of contours are vertical rather than horizontal. Color makes a great difference. Gay colors, when arranged with artistic taste, are beautiful, but those of a refined and discriminating taste had better be careful. Often the effect is startling and ridiculous. Besides, one soon tires of bright colors unless her wardrobe contains a great variety. Quiet colors are ladylike and rest the eye; then they are unobtrusive and elegant. Ladies of refined taste generally wear quiet tones. Bright colors should not be banished but used as accessories.

A plain black silk dress apparently relieves a fleshy lady of about one-fourth of her avoridous, while a red dress would make her seem ponderous. There is a distinguished air of elegance about a dark rich dress which a bright one can never attain. This is fortunate for light purses—that beauty and economy are handmaiden.

Let us see what may be done with fifty dollars a year. Little nurse girls receive this much, while hired girls never receive less than \$1.50 per week and generally more. It is presumed that Miss Economy will buy good material and have her garments made over as long as they last. My lady is supposed to make her own or do with few things and have her best sewing done. Five dollars per year should cover her bill for underwear. One year let her buy summer garments and the next year she may purchase winter undergarments. Six pairs of hose will be necessary; call this \$2.50. Summer stockings may be had cheap, which will allow more for winter. Good crêpe balbriggans may be had, three pairs for a quarter. I wear such and they are nice. Then the heavy cotton ones, which may be worn till November, sell for 10 cents a pair.

Four pairs of shoes will last a carefree woman a year. One pair of kid at \$3.50 for best. One pair of good common walking shoes at \$2.50. One pair of rubber overshoes, 50 cents. One pair of high winter overhauls, \$1.50. Those last ones need not be bought each winter, so the extra \$1.50 may buy pretty low soles or slippers, just as you like.

About gloves. Some girls are hard on such things. By wearing mitts and silk gloves in summer and fabric gloves for winter, along with a pair or two of kid, I think that \$4.50 is plenty for clothing the hands. Good kids should last a good while. When I was married, over five years ago, I bought two pairs of kids for \$1.50 a pair. The heat are good yet, only soiled, and the other pair I wear while I wheel the cab and for common purposes. Two hats may be bought each year, one for summer and one for winter. I set the figures at \$7.00, but those of previous years may be worked over for second best and business hats. Better buy your velvet, ribbons and trimmings of dry good stores, for economy. It is common nowadays for milliners to go out by the day and you can see the possibility in this. I had a handy trimmer do my work at home this summer. We copied a six-dollar bonnet and our cost was less than \$2.50. Of course the material was good and will appear from year to year.

As for dresses, a good cloth, silk or hemstitch should last four or five years with little change each year. Thus a best dress need not be bought each year. Instead, the cash may be used each season for a cloak, another year for furs, and so on. Here are our estimates:

Underwear.....	\$ 5.00
Half dozen hose.....	2.50
Four pair shoes.....	8.00
Gloves.....	4.50
Hats and bonnets.....	7.50
One fine dress.....	15.00
Plain cloth walking dress.....	5.00
One summer dress.....	2.00
Extras.....	1.00
	\$50.00

I have said nothing as to neck wear or waists. The girl in question can manage this during the year she doesn't buy a good dress. Lots of poorly dressed women might do better if they did not buy in haste, but consult some one of superior judgment. Buy the "must haves" first, then fill up the "chinks" as they can. A woman at my elbow says that a good black wool is a safe investment; so is a silk. Then beware of queer, loud colors that run their race in a single season. If you are young try to have a white dress, for youth comes but once and "it is not always May."

Useful Recipes.

Blanc Mange.—One quart sweet milk four tablespoons corn starch, pinch of salt four tablespoons sugar, one teaspoon lemon extract; place all the milk but a half cup full on the stove in double boiler to heat.

Mix the corn starch, salt, sugar smoothly together, and add just as the milk boils; stir briskly for about two minutes, take from the stove and add flavoring. Mould in cups which have been dipped in cold water. When ready to serve, turn out and place a little bright jelly on each and pour cream around.

Graham Moulds.—One quart water, a pinch of salt, and graham to make a thick gruel; let it cook on back of stove for one-half hour; mould the same as blanc-mange. Serve with cream, sugar and a dash of cinnamon; it will be found more wholesome than pies and less expensive.

Cream Cake.—One cup of sugar, one cup thick sour cream, two eggs, one tablespoon salt, one small half teaspoon soda sifted with the flour; about two cups. Different brands of flour require different amounts, but it should be some thicker than cakes made with baking powder. It may be baked as a loaf, layer, or in muffin rings.

Frosting Without Eggs.—One cup granulated sugar, four spoons milk; place on the stove and stir until it boils, let it boil five minutes without stirring. Remove from the stove and beat until cold and add flavoring.

Medicine and Ceremonial.

The physicians of mediæval England, who were for the most part monks, friars, or Jews, possessed a large assortment of remedies, some of them borrowed from the Byzantine physicians, others from the traditional practice of the people. Christian physicians, however, called religion to their aid. None of their remedies was administered without ceremonial. While the medicine was being compounded, the patient would say twelve times over one of the Psalms, beginning "Misericordia Mei, Deus," then several Paternosters, "then I'd like ter perso," Tirdy—"Wot er like dy?" Weary Waggle—"Dinner courses."

Clara—"He has proposed three or four times and I don't know whether to accept him or not." Maude—"I would. Suppose he should stop."

New policeman—"And where is you permit to peddle?" Peider—"I have a verbal permit." New Policeman—"Show it to me."

Judge—"Were you ever up before this court?" Everett West—"Can't say, judge. What time do your hour git up?"

Mrs. McBride—"John, dear, why are some grocers call green grocers?" Mr. McBride—"To distinguish them from cash grocers, dear."

Mr. Gamble—"Would you like to take a chance in a lottery, Miss Overage?" Miss Overage (blushing)—"This is so sudden, sir."

"Oh, I am awfully worried. I walk in my sleep." "I only wish I could do it. It could I still have my job on the police force."

Tough—"I want a dozen eggs, an' I wants 'em bad, see?" Grocer—"Go to that grocer across the street. Everything he keeps is bad."

"Can't you trust me?" pleaded he;

"No!" decisively she said it.

She could trust no one; you see,

Firm she clerked for didn't credit.

"Perty—"There is one thing I have to say in favor of the wind when it whistles."

Duhleid—"What's that?" Perty—"It never whistles popular air."

Customer—"What in the world is that unearthly howling overhead?" Clerk (smiling)—"There is a painless dentistry establishment upstairs, sir."

The judge—"I hope I shall not see you here again." Prisoner (who is arrested weekly)—"Not see me? Why, you ain't goin' to resign yer position, are ye?"

The husband (bitterly)—"I wish I had known as much before I was married as I do now." The wife—"So do I. You might really have amounted to something by this time."

"There is a discussion in the musical world about Patti's highest note," "So I understand."

"Well, when she was along this way last it was a five dollar one."

Mrs. Longwood—"Have you any idea what is the first fire of love dear?" Longwood—"Err—those the husband builds the first three months after marriage, I suppose."

Margie—"Don't you think Bert Saw-huck has wheels in his head?" Flossie—"I'm pretty sure he has. I heard him complaining of a tired feeling in it the other day."

Sgt. Sargent (knowingly)—"It is said that the Lord never made two women alike."

Sgt. Sargent (tartly)—"Of course he didn't, or you would never hear of a man getting married twice."

"So all is over between Shimpmur and Miss Goldcoin?" "Yes. Her money made the trouble did it?" "Yes, I thought she was worth \$100,000, and it was only \$50,000."

Preacher—"Every man must some day tell his account with his Maker." Palmer—"I wish you could impress Mr. Palmer with that idea. He hasn't settled with me in about two years."

Teacher—"Can any of you tell me why flannel is comfortable in winter?" Bright boy in new underwear—"It makes you hitch up and wriggle around, and the exercise keeps yeh warm."

Oh, would I were a boy again,

For then I'd have the right

To thrash those youngsters who peit me

With scoldings every night.

"I'm a little worried about my wife, and would like to have you run up and see her."

Doctor—"What are her symptoms?" "She allowed me to leave the house without asking for money."

Cousin Kate—"You have made it look as good as ever, Charley, you're a trump!" Charley—"But then women are such poor players. It's no uncommon thing for them to refuse trumps."

Mugde—"There was a girl sat beside me in the car-to-toy who had the prettiest foot I ever saw." Yabaley—"Did she have a pretty face?" Mugde—"I can't tell. I couldn't see over her sleeves."

He—"You said before we were married that I could sit around with my coat off and smoke when I pleased." She—"Yes, but you don't please when you sit around with your coat off and smoke."

Jeweler—"The inscription you wish engraved on the inside of this ring I understand is 'Marcelline to Irene'." Young man (with embarrassment)—"Yes, that's right. But—er—don't cut the 'Irene deep."

Parvenu Hostess (tasteful boy, attired as water for the occasion of a dinner party)—"James, why do you not fill Mr. De Gluttonne's glass?" James—"Lor, ma'am, what's the use? He empties it as fast as I fill it."

"This may be justice," said the defeated defendant, "but it strikes me as being a pretty fishy verdict."

"That shows that it is justice," retorted the plaintiff. "One of the most conspicuous features of justice is her scales."

"It is wonderful what progress has been made in the way of machinery," remarked Mr. Figg. "I see that there has been a machine invented that can make a complete pair of shoes in sixteen minutes. Why, that is even faster than Tommy can wear them out."

Who Was Blind?

Stories like the following, for a foreign journal, suggest the need of a new proverb:

"None are so blind as those who think that other people cannot see."

"Well, Joseph, did you take my letter to Monsieur de Y?"

"Yes, sir; but I am afraid he won't be able to read it, for he is blind."

"Yes, sir. While I was standing right in front of him in his private office he asked me twice where my hat was, and I had it on my head all the time—ha! ha!"

A Wife's Observation.

The Wife—"Do they call a drink a smile, John?"

The Husband—"Yes, dear. Why do you ask?"

The wife—I was thinking that if they did it was rather strange that your taking two or three extra smiles at night should cause you to wear two or three extra frowns in a single season. If you are young try to have a white dress, for youth comes but once and "it is not always May."

The Burglar's Joke.

Burglar—"There goes a detective. Pick his pocket and bring me his knife."

Pickpocket—"Wot 'd ye want his knife for?"

Burglar—"The ne'er the time I attacked, I'll defend meself with it, an' then leave it behind for him to find when he's hustin' for clews."

Useful Recipes.

Blanc Mange.—One quart sweet milk

four tablespoons corn starch, pinch of salt

four tablespoons sugar, one teaspoon lemon

extract; place all the milk but a half cup

full on the stove in double boiler to heat.

WINTER WRINKLES.

At first success makes a name, afterward the name makes the success.

"Does your new girl break many new dishes?" "Worse than that. She cracks old jokes."

If a fool and his money are easily parted, will somebody tell us how it is there are so many rich fools?

"What subjects are treated in your new book?" "None. It's a plea for prohibition and doesn't treat at all."

Post—"Has the editor read the poem I left her yesterday?" Boys boy—"I guess so, sir; he's sick abed to-day."

Wife—"There comes that tramp woman of my biscuits to the other day," Hubby—"Impossible! This must be his ghost."

Weary Waggle—"Dere er serval courses I'd like ter perso." Tirdy—"Wot er like dy?" Weary Waggle—"Dinner courses."

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"An' I remarked his honor, to the intense amusement of the hangers-on of the court," those biscuits have turned out hard tack for you. Five shillings and cost."

A nicely dressed young fellow, who said he was a butler, stepped into the dock at Guildhall with a piece of sticking plaster fixed on the bridge of his nose. A constable said the "dressing" covered a wound received in a fall while drunk and incapable.

"It was a holiday, your honor," pleaded the young man, "and we had been keeping it up."

"Yes," said the unfeeling magistrate,

"you seen to have kept everything up by yourself. You fell down on your nose."

And before the laugh had stopped the prisoner was mulcted \$1.25 and costs.

"An' I remarked his honor, to the intense amusement of the hangers-on of the court," those biscuits have turned out hard tack for you. Five shillings and cost."

"It was a great war unless he loses his mind. He thinks the poverty of the empire will keep him at peace."

At Helsingfors, in Finland, a newspaper

was started, edited and managed entirely by women.

The chief editor is Miss Minna Kant, who is well known among the Finns as a novelist.

Cecil Rhodes, the ruler of South Africa,

controls with despotic authority an extent of territory larger than the states of western Europe put together. He is now engineering to connect Cape Colony with Cairo by telegraph.

Mr. Maxim recently gave a public exhibition of his new flying machine at Felix-

ley for the benefit of a local charity. No attempt was made to fly, but the machine

went up and down the rails, propelled by its aerial screws at the rate of thirty miles an hour.

One hundred and twelve designs have

been submitted for the buildings and

grounds of the Paris Exhibition for 1900,

and the competition has already chosen

the ten elective members, who, with

twenty-one persons appointed by the govern-

ment, will join the jury to judge the

plans.

An heir to the Khedive of Egypt's throne

is expected soon. Abbas Pasha, son of

his Ministers that a slave in the harem is

to be his successor. This is according

to M. Stepien, the Russian ambassador to

the court of the present ruler of Egypt.

Capt. James Kennedy, who died a short

time ago in England, was an engineer

and entrepreneur in the place of

the Hova Army. This communication

says that Col. Shervington belongs to an

excellent Scotch family. During his youth

he is said

WAYS OF KILLING TIGERS.

QUEER EXPEDIENTS IN THE ABSENCE OF FIRE ARMS.

Bow-and-arrow Traps—Speared by Bowmen. Hunters—Netting the Monarch of the Jungle—The Fly-paper Method.

To the average English mind there present themselves but two methods of pursuing and slaying the striped monarch of the Eastern jungles—namely, the ordinary battle by elephants, on the most doughty and best-trained of which the sportsmen mount and enclose themselves in the traditional "howdah," whence, with comparative ease and security, they mark out and shoot down their game; and the infinitely more perilous and exciting plan of tracking the cunning and ferocious animal over to his lair, and facing him in open combat. The former is the most usually indulged in, even ladies taking part in the chase; the latter is only adopted by men who can thoroughly depend upon their eyes and accuracy of aim, and is often productive of those fatal accidents which strike us with horror on their occurrence. But there are many other and varied practices adopted to take or annihilate this destructive quadruped which may be known to our readers, and which, therefore, we shall proceed to describe.

In districts where firearms are unknown or unprocured the native inhabitants fashion a sort of

SPRING BOW OF STOUT CANE, which they set up in some path which the tiger is known to follow when going to a river or pool to quench his thirst. To this they adjust an arrow, the point of which has been well smeared with a virulent and powerful poison, in the compound of which they are very skilful. The animal, on his prostration to water, comes in contact with a cord attached to this weapon and stretched across the track, being closely concealed under grass and leaves. The pressure on this releases the string of the bow, the missile springs forward, and in most cases attains its aim, entering the breast of the tiger, who breaks away with loud roars into the depths of the jungle. The natives, apprised by his fury of their success, follow up cautiously, and in a few hours come across their prey, which has succumbed to the deadly injection.

Sometimes a somewhat similar device is brought into play, which is also utilized by the natives of Africa to secure hippopotami. A heavy block of wood, to which is firmly lashed a short, stout, sharply barbed spear, is suspended over the path, and in this case likewise a thin cord is stretched across the track. As before, on the latter being pressed by the tiger, the trap is sprung; the heavy block descends with terrific force on the back of the animal, plunging the keen steel deep into its vitals, whence the broad barb prevents its extraction; and the tiger, if not almost instantaneously slain, dashes away into the jungle, every movement enlarging the wound and causing the deadly weapon to penetrate deeper and deeper, until, worn out with loss of blood he sinks dying to the ground.

In some cases a tiger who has earned the invictus title of "man-eater" will frequent a village and its environs, even venturing at night to steal silently among the huts and

CARRY OFF A VICTIM

from the very midst of his fellows, hooking the wretched individual out of his fancied security as one would extract a pinwinkle from its shell with a pin. Driven to desperation, the people will hire one or two men who are known to be professional shiekaries and good shots, not hesitating to send hundreds of maces for them. These are usually called a sasachun, is then erected among the branches of a tall tree in the outskirts of the village, and on this, seated sometimes alone, sometimes in couples, and well shrouded from view by the foliage, these men will wait patiently hour after hour. Perhaps several days may elapse before they succeed in their object; but sooner or later the tiger pays the forfeit of his life, and the villagers are delivered from their ruthless and bloodthirsty foe. This plan is often adopted by Europeans who pocket a goat or bullock within range of their leay perch, and on the tiger making his appearance and pouncing on the miserable victim, shoot him down in case, and there is a bound, a roar, and a shriek from

The Nairs, on the coast of Malabar, adopt a far more perilous method. They fix upon a partially cleared spot in the vicinity which the tiger is known to frequent, and in the centre thereof they picket a goat. At convenient distances from this alluring bait, in a circle, several pits are dug just large enough to admit the body of a man, and from 10 to 10 feet in depth. On either side of the interior strings, wooden plugs are inserted to stop the entrance, and on these the barefooted Nairs balance themselves while on the lookout, with their eyes just above the level of the ground. Each is armed with a bow and arrows and a short stabbing spear. Ere long the tiger, attracted by the cries of the goat, makes his appearance; there is a bound, a roar, and a shriek from

THE TERRIFIED VICTIM : and almost simultaneously a dozen arrows are quivering in the body of the astounded aggressor. If not killed by the first discharge, he glances his attention to discover whence the missiles had come, and catching sight of a dark, woolly poll-projecting out of the ground he rushes to the spot. But his irritating antagonist is securely crouched at the bottom of his hole, and while the infuriated beast makes frenzied attempts to claw him out, not only does the Nair deal him vicious prods with his spear, but his comrades ply their bows and arrows with redoubled zeal, and ultimately the tiger yields up his life, being stuck as full of arrows as a pincushion of pins. Of course fatal accidents will sometimes occur, as when, for instance, the tiger is too quick for the Nair, and is upon him ere the latter can slip down into safety.

The Chinese still practice a device of a box trap and looking glass, which is said to be found in ancient sculpture; and any of our readers who may have noticed the curiosity of a cat, dog, or monkey when it sees its image in a mirror can well conceive that the larger animal, animated by

the same feeling would evince the same inquisitiveness, and, while indulging its taste for knowledge, walk heedlessly into the trap.

The Persians are said to proceed after the following manner: A large, spherical, strongly interwoven bamboo cage, with intervals of a few inches between the bars, is erected in some spot adjacent to the haunts of the tiger. This is firmly and securely picketed to the ground. Inside this cage a man provided with several short and powerful stabbing spears, or

A KEEN AND POINTED SWORD.

takes post at night with a dog or goat as his companion, wraps himself in his blanket, and calmly goes to sleep. Presently the tiger makes his appearance—which of the man is made aware by his four-footed companion—and, after vainly snuffing and prowling round the cage to find an entrance, runs himself up against the structure. The man instantly takes advantage of the brute's unprotected position and either stabs him resolutely with his spear or rips up his stomach with his hunting sword, either of which attacks results in almost immediate death.

In the early days of the present century, and continuing, but rarely in our days, the hazardous method of netting and snaring the tiger was indulged in. The procedure seems simple enough, but strong nerves and sure hands would be needed for those who participated therein. The animal is first "ringed"—tracked down to a portion of the jungle which can be easily surrounded by the number of men present and the extent of nets available; and these latter are erected round the spot, being firmly upheld by stout and long bamboo driven into the ground. When all is prepared, rockets, squibs and crackers are flung into the covert in quantities, and a hideous noise is set up with halloing, beating of tom-toms and firing of blank cartridges. The tiger, frightened and infuriated, as the case may be, rushes out of the jungle to find his way barred by the apparently flimsy nets. He hurries himself in wrath at the impediment, and is met with repeated thrusts of spears from the hunters outside. Again and again he dashes vainly at the barrier, only to meet the point of the weapon of his relentless foes, until at last a thrust more deadly delivered than the others.

PIERCES HIS VITALS,

and he reels to earth dead or dying. Sometimes the nets would be hung so as to give way at the impetuous rush of the angry brute, who would then fall to the ground enveloped in the yielding but tenacious folds of the clinging mesh; and, ere he could extricate himself, a dozen spears would transfix him and render him powerless for harm. Naturally, many fatal accidents occurred at this dangerous sport; but at the time when it was in vogue, human life was held in scant regard by the savage princes of the country; so long as no harm came to themselves, they were careless how many lives were sacrificed to enable them to indulge in their perilous pastime.

It would seem almost ludicrous to talk of a tiger with birdlime, but it is a fact that it is so captured in some districts of India—in Oude, principally. When the track of a tiger is ascertained, the peasants collect a large quantity of the berries of a certain bush which is common enough in the jungles and with the properties of which they are thoroughly conversant. From these, by a somewhat similar process to that which is adopted in the manufacture of birdlime in England, they compound a thick and adhesive mixture. Then, gathering a number of large, broad leaves, they smear these with the sticky substance and strew them plentifully, doctored side uppermost, along the track which the tiger frequents, or in some gloomy spot whither he prefers to pass the heat of the day. "Singers," commonly stridling along, marking his way, now stop to walk slowly, pool to quench their thirst, and sets his paw on one of the limed leaves. Not liking the contact, he shakes his foot violently; but the annoying article will not come off for one day the pains I formerly endured for twenty years; two boxes cured him so that even the smell of tobacco makes him sick." No-to-Bao sold and guaranteed no cure no pay. Book free. Sterling Remedy Co., 374 St. Paul St., Montreal.

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Mr. Hetherington is not the only member of the family who has experienced the beneficial results of Pink Pills. One of his daughters, a grown-up young woman, was quite ill for a month or six weeks, and after a course of Pink Pills is again fully restored to health.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have a remarkable efficacy in curing diseases arising from an impoverished condition of the blood, or from an impairment of the nervous system such as loss of appetite, depression of spirits, anemia, chlorosis or green sickness, general muscular weakness, dizziness, loss of memory, locomotor ataxia, paralysis, sciatica, rheumatism, St. Vitus' dance, the after effects of la grippe, scrofula, chronic oyscypsis, etc. They are also a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, correcting irregularities, suppressions and all forms of female weakness, building anew the blood and restoring the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of any nature. These pills are not a purgative medicine. They contain only life-giving properties, and nothing that could injure the most delicate system.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper (printed in red ink). They are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form should be avoided. Ask for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and refuse all imitations and substitutes.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had at all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y., at fifty cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

A PERFECT PANIC

so seized upon the unfortunate runners, who could not, by threats or promises, be induced to carry letters across the district infested by this blood-thirsty brute. At last the news of this dilemma reached the ears of the Old Shekarry, to whom it promised an adventure such as his soul loved. He promptly repaired to the district. But, as if the caning animal had become aware of the antagonist against whom it was to be pitted, it disappeared, and, as search as he might, the disappointed sportsman could find no trace of the man-eater. Suddenly an idea flashed into his mind; the tiger was

said to be partial to post runners, whose coming he recognized by the tinkling of their "jingles"; he would himself assume the rôle, and, carrying the stick which attracted the brute, ring a challenge to the cunning animal. No sooner thought than adopted. Toward the cool of evening he sallied forth on a line of route where the last victim had disappeared, armed with his trusty double-barreled gun, and keen, doubled-edged hunting knife.

As he approached the fatal spot, a slight rocky incline, sparsely covered with bushes, his heart beating quickly, but his courage unabated and nerves strong to their utmost tension, it was approaching dusk, and objects were not very plainly discernible. But his ears were on the stretch for the faintest sound, and all at once he imagined he heard a deep purring close at hand. He stopped immediately, and stepped back a couple of paces to obtain a clear view. As he did so the tiger rose into the air from his ambush with an agile bound, and alighted on the very spot the wary Old Shekarry had abandoned. While he was yet in the air the deadly rifle poured forth its contents; as he fell to the earth the second barrel administered a final quietus, and there, in the gathering gloom, the triumphant sportsman stood proudly contemplating his dying enemy, glowing with household enthusiasm at the result of his gallant challenge.

To judge by the joy of the natives at the death of their foe lies not within the limits of this sketch, but nevertheless I mention the incident as an example of what he must be prepared to face who would bear the tiger alone and on foot in his native wild.

SEVEN YEARS OF SUFFERING.

The Peculiar Experience of a Hamilton Man.

Neuralgia Made His Life Miserable—Many Remedies Were Tried in Vain—At Last Relief Came—How He Obtained It.

From The Canadian Evangelist, Hamilton.

A member of the staff of The Canadian Evangelist in conversation recently with Mr. Robert Hetherington, who lives at No. 32 Railway Avenue, found him very outspoken in his admissions as to the help he had derived from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and anxious that his good qualities should be made widely known. He is so thankful for the good he received from them that he says he considers it his duty to let others know that Pink Pills have done for him. Mr. Hetherington was a severe sufferer from neuralgia for about seven years. It bothered him very much in his arms and legs, and the pain was often so extreme, and the sufferings great, that he could scarcely walk. He tried, as a matter of course, to find relief, and in doing so tried many so-called remedies, but none of them were of any benefit to him. In August last his attention was called to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and he determined to give them a trial, and procuring a supply began their use. In about two weeks he found himself much relieved and found the pains disappearing, and after using Pink Pills for a few weeks longer every vestige of the pain had disappeared, and he was as well as ever. Mr. Hetherington has refrained from making any public statement before, for the reason that he wished to be convinced that his cure was complete, and he is now satisfied upon this point. In reply to a question Mr. Hetherington said he was satisfied that his present condition is due entirely to the use of Pink Pills. Before beginning to use them he had discontinued other medicines, and when he found them helping him he continued the use until he felt that he was fully cured. He further remarked that he now feels like a new man. "Formerly," said he, "when I got up in the morning I was stiff and tired that I could hardly walk, while now I get up feeling fresh and ready to go to work. I have not felt any of the pains since last September; and I wouldn't again suffer for one day the pains I formerly endured for twenty years; two boxes cured him so that even the smell of tobacco makes him sick." No-to-Bao sold and guaranteed no cure no pay. Book free. Sterling Remedy Co., 374 St. Paul St., Montreal.

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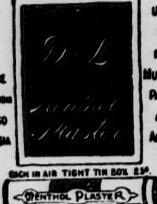
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EACH IN AIR TIGHT TIN BOXES.

VENTILATION PLASTER.

The Moose Jaw Times.

FRIDAY, APRIL 5, 1895.

LOCAL AND GENERAL NEWS.

Mrs. H. H. McCulloch and Miss Sanderson of Calgary are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Smith at the dining hall.

To Let.—Two dairy farms to let; close to creamy; terms reasonable. Enquire TIMES OFFICE. 40-2

As the result of the second poll held at Rosebud, a polling station in West Calgary, Critchley is now the member-elect to represent that riding in the Legislative Assembly.

If your teeth require attention have the necessary work done. Next time may prove too late. Dr. P. F. Size, Dentist, will be in Moose Jaw April 29th and 30th. See advt. in this paper. —41t.

W. B. Scarth's resignation of the management of the North-West Land Co., has been accepted. C.P.R. Land Commissioner Hamilton is appointed in his place, and Mr. Jones of the C. P. R. Land Department, Winnipeg, is appointed accountant. In fact the N. W. Land Co. is a name only—the company's lands are C.P.R. lands.

The following officers were elected at the annual meeting of the Moose Jaw Gun Club, held on Friday evening last:—President, A. Hitchcock; Vice President and Treasurer, W. B. Crosbie; Secretary, F. A. Meller; Field Captain, D. S. McVannel; Executive Committee, H. G. Hubbell, Jno. Munns, Seymour Green, D. S. McVannel, W. B. Crosbie, F. A. Meller, A. Hitchcock and A. Smith. The Gun Club is in the really live institutions in our midst.

The Minister of the Interior with princely generosity has consented to grant a loan of 90 pounds of seed potatoes to each one of the four hundred applicants in the Moose Jaw district. But the credit for this munificent indication of the government's overwhelming interest in the North West settlers does not at all belong to the Minister. When Mr. Davin, Candidate Cochrane and Senator Perley—all of whom profess to have secured the loan—are granted their respective shares of credit, it is to be feared none will remain for Mr. Daly.

If the government can run a treasury department, why cannot it run the banks? If the government can build a navy, why cannot it build and operate a railway? If the government can serve people at less cost than private corporations, why does it not do so? If the government can maintain an army of soldiers in idleness, why cannot it support an army of laborers at some useful occupation? If the government can carry a letter across the continent for one, two or three cents, why cannot it send a telegraphic message correspondingly cheap? —Ex.

D. Creighton, editor of the late Empire of Toronto, has been appointed assistant receiver-general at Toronto, vice J. C. Campbell superannuated. At Bowmansville on the 23rd ult., Grand President Mallory, P. of L., gave some superannuation statistics which surprised his hearers. In 1893 about \$300,000.00 was paid in these allowances. One instance given by Mr. Mallory was the case of Judge Clarke. Several years ago the Judge was superannuated. Afterwards he succeeded Hon. E. Blake as solicitor for the C. P. R. Co. and besides the \$15,000 salary attached to that office, the Judge continues to draw his allowance from Dominion funds. The sum that is yearly given from the superannuation fund to men who possess independent means of livelihood, would furnish seed grain to crop every cultivated acre in Western Assiniboia.

Mr. Jno. Gilmour, who spent the winter as an official at the Regina Industrial school, returned to town on Tuesday.

Maple Creek is erecting a new school house. Mr. R. Bunting of Regina went up on Sunday to engage in the construction.

Miss Jenney Manley of Parkbeg has been visiting her uncle Mr. Jno. Callin also Mrs. Charles Street of Whitewood. She made many friends during her stay here, which terminated on Wednesday, when she returned home.—Whitewood Herald.

Father Lacombe, the veteran North-West missionary, went west on Sunday from a lengthened stay in the east. While in Ottawa he interviewed Mr. Responsible the condition of half-breed settlements in Northern Alberta. He said that negotiations for settlement of half-breed claims are progressing favorably.

Progress, the interesting semi-monthly paper published at the Indian Industrial School at Regina, says:—We have a number of competent and reliable boys who wish to secure situations with trustworthy farmers. We think they will prove worthy and wish to see them have the advantage of comfortable and helpful home influences.

Mrs. Mahlon Johnston of Boham and Mrs. Williams of Old Wives Lake Ranch, arrived home on Sunday morning from an eastern trip of three months duration, the major portion of the time having been spent by them at St. Thomas, Ont., and Montreal. At the latter place they were guests of Mrs. Johnston's sister, Mrs. (Rev.) J. B. Silcox, wife of the noted Congregationalist divine.

An epidemic of destructive fires is playing havoc among Methodist church buildings in Ontario. During the winter two handsome and costly churches in the city of London were burned; three weeks ago the Methodist church at St. Thomas was destroyed by fire; and last week flames licked up the Methodist church at Exeter. Suspicion of incendiarism attaches to all the burnings.

A blacksmith was once summoned to a County Court as a witness in a dispute between two of his workmen. The Judge, after hearing the testimony, asked him why he did not advise them to settle, as the costs had already amounted to three times the disputed sum. He replied:—"I told the fools to settle, for, I say, the clerk would take their coats, the lawyers theirsuits, and if they got into your Honor's court you'd skin 'em."

A disastrous fire on Sunday evening last destroyed the old Scarth building at Regina, occupied by the Supreme Court of Western Assiniboia Judicial District, including the Clerk's and Sheriff's offices; and by the Dominion Public Works and Lands departments. The most deplorable loss in connection with the fire was the burning of the law library—a valuable collection, many volumes of which can never be replaced. The origin of the fire is accredited to incendiarism. It had been intended to remove the court on June 1st to the handsome new building erected for that purpose, the furnishing of which is now almost completed; the fire will necessitate an earlier occupancy. The Scarth building was then to be devoted to the uses of the Lands and Registry departments, and it is probable that necessity will compel the erection or restoration of the burnt building for these purposes.

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PRICE'S
CREAM
BAKING
POWDERS
MOST PERFECT MADE.
A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant. 40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

A post-Lent ball is spoken of. Supreme Court sits at Moose Jaw on Tuesday next.

Lieut.-Governor Mackintosh is visiting Chicago on Fair business.

Mine Host Smith of the dining hall has opened a bran new guests' register.

The revival services at the Methodist church will probably be concluded this week.

There is no getting away from these two facts: (1) That the Dominion government has practically ordered the legislature to re-establish separate schools; and (2) that the government was not bound to make such an order, but might have rejected the prayer of the minority altogether.—Toronto News (Ind. Con.)

It is reported that Mr. Davin's Regina committee (it can not in justice be called a Conservative committee for a greater number of the Regina Conservatives seem to be classed with it) is hopelessly bankrupt. The landlord of their rooms threatens to seize the furniture—which was borrowed from a dealer—for rent, and the caretaker is holding the key of the rooms for back salary.

Moved by Couns. Campbell and Wilson,—"That a half mile track be ploughed and levelled in the park." That was a resolution proposed on Monday evening by two Councillors who were elected on a pledge of economy. And be it remembered that the rate-payers whom it was proposed to tax for a race track, are at this moment confronted with a problem to raise sufficient money to secure the proper education of the hope of the nation. When the town exchequer shows a surplus over unavoidable expenditure, it will be time enough to start making race tracks.

The report of the Canadian Prohibition Royal Commission is nearing its glorious completion. When its findings are disseminated, the Public, our Parliament, and the Commissioners themselves will be just as wise as before the farce was inaugurated—and no wiser. The members of the Commission who were anti Prohibitionists will report in favor of License; the one member who was a Prohibitionist will report in favor of abolishing the traffic. Over \$130,000 in good hard cash—equal to \$325,000 in 1878—has been squandered, absolutely squandered. Mr. Davin voted for the Commission and endorsed this expenditure. Can he justify that vote? Possibly it was one of the votes he gave contrary to his conviction of what was proper, to buy another bale of "influence." Mr. Davin's influence has been dearly paid for by the people of Canada.

John K. McInnis' meetings held at Medicine Hat and Maple Creek on Friday and Saturday last were well attended by the electors in those districts. Mr. McInnis returned to Regina on Sunday; he expressed satisfaction at the result of his western visit—he had received a cordial reception and the people at those places seemed earnestly desirous of becoming conversant with the intentions, aims and plans of Patronism and the course the independent candidate had mapped out in the event of his return to Parliament. Mr. McInnis was assured of support by many voters both at Medicine Hat and Maple Creek.

Persons who have not made up their minds concerning the subject of Spiritualism, and who are perplexed by the contradictory representations of its friends and foes, should read a series of ten 5 and 10 cent tracts on Spiritualism, published by H. L. Hastings, 47 Cornhill, Boston, where they will find Scripture, history, facts, and arguments clearly presenting the facts and tending to show that modern spiritualism is ancient heathenism; and that along with a large amount of pure and simple fraud, there is sufficient evidence of supernatural powers and influence which are unfeulful, unchristian, and satanic, to make prudent people keep clear of the whole business.

Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Burpee arrived home on Sunday from Southern California, where amid the sunshine and flowers of a tropical region they spent a most enjoyable winter. A brother of Mrs. Burpee is an orange grower in that state, and it was with him that Mr. and Mrs. Burpee visited. Some three years ago Mr. B. also invested in a young orange plantation through his brother-in-law. Last season the young trees bore small crop, and he expects to have this year half-hundred boxes of oranges, besides some lemons. While the late severe winter did immense damage to orange groves in Florida and Northern California, the frost did not touch Southern California. Accordingly the prospect there is good for a rich season, and at the same time, because of a short crop in other parts, it is expected that prices will range much higher than in recent years.

Waghorn's Guide for April supplies us with the new post offices opened to date, municipal and stage changes, the latest time cards by rail, stage, ocean, and lake, including ocean steamship sailings, fares, accommodations, etc., new court sittings, map of the Dominion electoral divisions, license inspectors and districts, both in Manitoba and the North-West, and revised general business tables to date. The information given in the guide is well chosen to afford all the necessary information that may be of daily use to business men and travellers without leading them with statistical baggage of remote use. A word of praise is especially due for the very clear table showing the through time cards of the chief railroads through the States to New York and eastern points. The plan adopted enables one to map out one's routes and connections with perfect ease. The Secret Societies' tables embrace much useful information,

Lacrosse sticks have emerged from retirement.

Small pox is again becoming epidemic in Chicago.

Jas. Richards went to Regina on Monday to take a place on The Leader staff.

Mail Clerk "Tommy" Scott, now of Winnipeg, spent Saturday last with friends here.

The Moose Jaw Bicycle Club will affiliate with the Canadian Wheelmen's Association.

Miss Battell has returned from a two week's visit spent with Mrs. Wright at North Portal.

Mr. Thos. Falconer of Marlborough returned last week from Lucknow, Ont., where he spent the winter.

Wm. Holden, late general agent for the Singer Sewing Machine Co., went east last week via the Soo line.

Insp. Wilson, N.W.M.P., of Estevan, visited headquarters at Regina this week, returning to Estevan last evening.

Expressman Ross has resumed his run on the Pasqua branch, and E. S. Hunt, who was relieving, has now gone to Chaplin to relieve Agent Cook for a few days.

It is expected that Rev. Mr. Ledingham will remain in charge of the Presbyterian congregation here at least until June, when he anticipates being appointed to the India mission field.

The Vicar of St. John's Church has issued a tabular invitation to the parishioners, showing in detail the hours and character of Holy Week and Easter services, and earnestly urging the spending of that sacred season so that it may prove of real spiritual advantage.

For License District No. 4, Messrs. S. R. Edwards of Indian Head, R. B. Ferguson of Regina, and W. W. Bole of Moose Jaw, have been appointed Commissioners. The Board is holding a session at Regina today for the purpose of appointing inspectors. Mr. Bole went down last evening.

Five hundred girls of Oakland, Cal., society girls in good and regular standing, have decided to frown down Mrs. Grundy, and regardless of criticism, have declared in favor of bloomers as the costume for women who ride the bicycle. By the way, a lady who recently appeared in that guise on a wheel at Victoria, B. C., was warned by the police not to do it again. British Columbia laws surely do not regard the rights of personal liberty, nor recognize "the new woman."

Bicycling is beginning to boom. A wheelman's club was organized on Monday evening at a meeting held in Mr. Siater's store. W. B. Crobie was elected Hon. President; W. W. Bole, President; M. J. MacLeod, Vice-President; and Jno. Kerr, Secretary-Treasurer. Road captains will be appointed by the officers, and club runs will be arranged. There are now thirteen wheels in town. Local dealers have disposed of four this week, and a number of intending purchasers are now studying the relative merits of different makes of machines.

The whole is greater than its part; so is a party stronger than its candidate. Therefore The Templar advocates that in every instance regard shall first be had to securing a party pledged to Prohibition. If the party declare for Prohibition and its candidate can be depended upon to support its platform in this particular, then, whether Tory, Grit, or Patron, that party's candidate should receive the support of every Prohibitionist who supremely desires this triumph. Nor do we see how he can desert such a candidate for one who owes a supreme allegiance to that party that refuses to make Prohibition a plank in its platform, even though he personally may be a good temperance man. He will sacrifice his temperance principles the moment they imperil the party's triumph.—The Templar.

At Monday evening's regular meeting of town council, some applications for extension of time for payment of taxes were refused and in one case the prayer was partially granted. Payments of \$25 to O. B. Fysh, \$42.50 to the Monetary Times, were ordered. G. B. Wallace, collector, was granted \$35.00 on account. The celebrated Armstrong accounts were passed by the Relief Committee and transferred to the tender mercies of the Finance Dept. A recommendation to limit unlicensed boarding houses to one boarder was voted down. An extension of time for the return of the collector's roll to 30th April. Const. Wilcox introduced a by-law to appoint Mr. Langford as collector of poll taxes and Const. Wilson gave notice of a by-law prohibiting bicycle-riding on sidewalks. Const. Campbell and Wilson moved for the construction of a half-mile racing track in the park, but failed to carry the proposal. The Council discussed the matter of replacing pumps in the tanks, and finally referred the question to the Fire Committee. A motion was carried authorizing the Bank of Montreal to transfer the town debentures (held as security for a note) to the purchasers thereof, the Confederation Life Association.

A country correspondent writes:—

"Forty per cent. seems to be all the talk in the district. We understand the Agricultural Society intend cutting off some of the applicants for seed. I hope they will look well into the matter before doing so. There are quite a number of vacant farms now and there will be more if we get only 40 per cent. of the seed which was applied for." Unfortunately the Society cannot help itself. Mr. Daly writes that 40 per cent. is the ultimatum. The only solution that suggests itself is to get Mr. Davin to wire that he is going down.

On the 16th March he told an audience at Regina that he found in the past, if he simply wired that he was going to descend upon them, the Ministers usually granted his demands.

Ready-to-Wear CLOTHING:

HATS AND SPRING CAPS.



This spring we are still leading with a much larger selection of high class goods. For style, well-made and good-fitting clothing we cannot be touched. We have men's suits as low as \$4.50, very good tweed suits at \$5.00 and \$6.00, but we are showing excellently good values in men's fine imported tweeds, and worsteds from \$10.00 to \$16.00; equal to suits you have been paying \$30.00 and \$35.00 for. We have a splendid assortment in boys' and children's suits at lower prices than ever.

Hats and Caps. We have mostly any style you want and of the best makes; we start felt hats at 40cts., a very good hat at 60 and 75cts., splendid values at \$1.00 and up.

M. J. MACLEOD.

The Freight Rates Commission will resume their sittings on Thursday next at Montreal. Evidence has all been collected, and it remains only to formulate a report.

Proclamations are gazetted establishing 33 new school districts in the North-West Territories. The number of organized school districts in the Territories is now 373.

Mrs. D. W. Bole, of Winnipeg, sister-in-law to W. W. Bole, of this town, went west on Tuesday en route to the Sanitarium at Banff, seeking relief from the ravages of rheumatism.

Contractor Williams will at once commence work on the Territorial Fair buildings. Well-displayed views of the buildings appeared in the Tribune and Nor' Wester of Winnipeg on Saturday last.

Seeding is not general in these parts because the seed hasn't arrived. The land is ready, and willing workers are ready, but the unwinding of red tape will likely consume longer time than will the sowing of seed this spring.

Jno. Munro, late of the Regina Leader staff, has gone to Medicine Hat to assist in the issue of our enterprising comtem., The News. He will replace Mr. Watkins (proprietor of the late Moose Jaw Chronicle) who goes to Calgary.

March came in this year quite lamb-like, and it went out not only lamb-like or spring-like, but really summer-like; and another old weather adage has passed in its checks. March 31st would have passed muster for a California day in May.

The Times office was graced for a short spell yesterday by the presence of two young lady teachers from Regina, Misses Florence Rothwell and Belle McLachlan, who went south last evening to Southeastern Assiniboia where they have secured engagement.

Hugh Ferguson made a 150-mile tour among the ranches west and south-west of Moose Jaw last week. The ranchers are all in good humor. The stock came through the winter with practically no loss at all, and every head is in good order.

The Quadrille Club closed their season on last Friday evening. Commencing in November, the club met on every Friday evening without a miss (and always with plenty of Misses). Those regular dances contributed much towards relieving the monotony of the winter.

Commissioner Herchmer was in Winnipeg this week. Asked if there were many cattle and horses coming in this spring from the south, he replied: "Yes; the men at the quarantine at Estevan are very busy, a large number of cattle having arrived. Horses are also coming in. Our boundary patrol is very active."

A country correspondent writes:—

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